

MARVEL
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THE REAL

NO38 38p

1984 Columbia Pictures
Industries Inc.

GHOSTBUSTERS™





Strange goings on, indeed! Just when you think it's safe to look in the mirror... AAARRRGH! Yes, issue thirty-eight of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** has Janine going through a truly monstrous time in **Ghostly Reflections!** Ever had the feeling that you're not looking your best? Furthermore, have you ever wondered if someone is watching you when you're cleaning your teeth? As if this isn't enough, monsters are preparing to invade an army training ground in **Zap Happy!** The team discover that a little target practise can come in very useful when going out on manoeuvres against territorial spooks. Is it the army life for the Ghostbusters? Will they change into combat gear! Will ECTO-1 miraculously turn into a tank? There's only one way to find out – read on, 'cos this means war!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

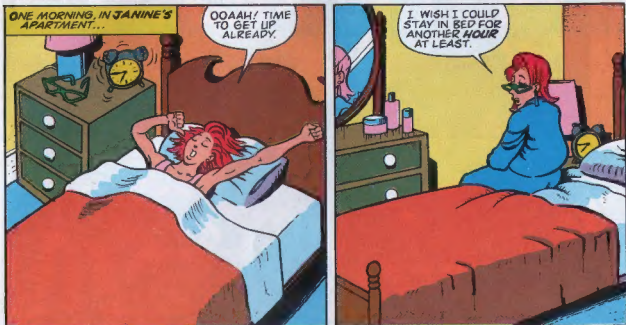


JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

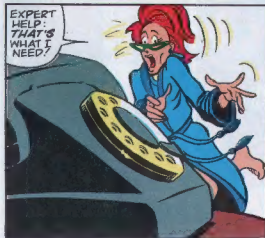
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

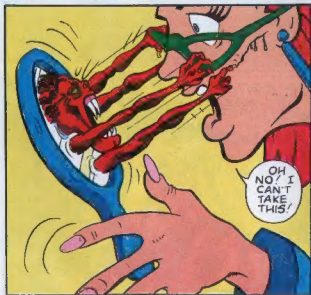
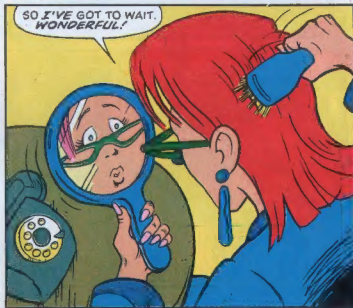


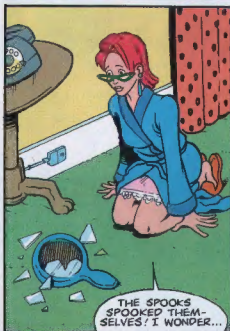
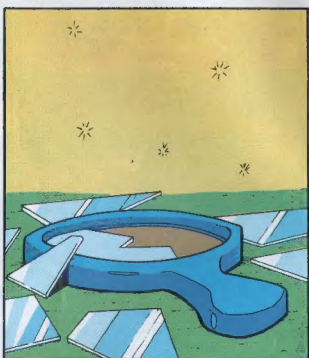
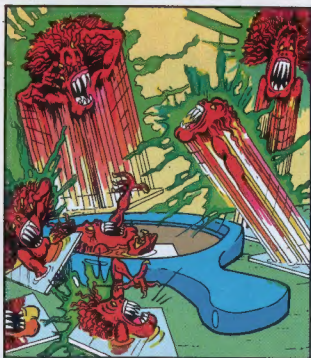
GHOSTLY REFLECTIONS

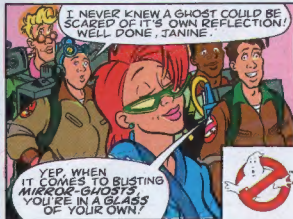
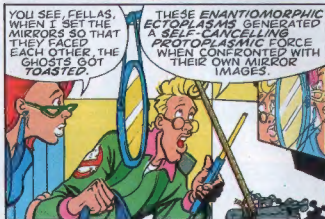
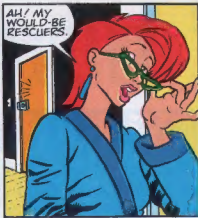


Story GRAEME WATSON Art ANTHONY LARCOMBE Lettering GLIB Colouring STUART PLACE









SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

The other day, I caught Peter actually trying to plug his Ghost Trap into the power outlet on his Proton Pack instead of his Gun. It was clear to me then, that even the smoothest-running and most efficient team need a bit of a refresher course once in a while. Well, Peter certainly did.

So, it came to be that we booked in at Dr. Bobb's Paranormal Refamiliarisation Clinic and Rest Home for a three day 'Revision Weekend' in Ghostbusting. I thought I thought I'd take the opportunity to tell you all about such courses and others like it.

DR. BOBB'S CLINIC

Dr. Bobb's clinic was founded in 1975, to act as a retreat for ghost-hunters and researchers. Since the advent of The Real Ghostbusters, his re-education techniques have included up to the minute, state-of-the art lectures in Proton Dispersal, Conainment, Ectoplasmic Phorensics and Driving Old Cadillac Ambulances. A typical 'Revision Weekend' at Dr. Bobb's cheery clinic consists of the following routine:

Day One.

Breakfast: Bacon, eggs, toast, sausages, jam, coffee, fruit juice.

Morning session: Modern Ghostbusting Practice.



PART 38

Lunch: Lasagne or Beef Strogonoff + dessert.

Afternoon Session: Informal chat.

Dinner: Lobster Thermidor, Filleted Peacock breast.

Day Two.

Breakfast: Kippers, Cereal, Toast, Mineral water.

Morning Session: Library (not compulsory).

Lunch trip: Your choice from Cap'n Lobbie's Fish Grill Restaurant.

Afternoon session: Very Informal chat.

Dinner: Oysters, Quail's Egg salad, Steak Tartare.

Day Three.

Morning off.

Extended Lunch to say goodbye to the guests.

Leave.

This hard-working but enjoyable course is extremely

demanding, but ultimately rewarding. Ray enjoyed it in particular. Other courses are very different.

LAKE BROUM RESTART COURSES.

Run by Professor Longman of Glasgow, this course has a rather different balance.

Day One.

Early morning run round lake. Exercise session.

Breakfast: Toast, Coffee.

Morning Session: Applied Supernormal Chemistry Lecture.

Sandwiches.

Afternoon: Theory Examination (four hrs).

Sandwiches.

Evening: Advanced Repeater Decoding and Protonising Lecture.

Day Two.

Early morning run up mountain: Cold water swim.

Breakfast: Crisps.

Morning Session: Electronic Spectrometer Practical Exam.

Sandwich.

Afternoon: Psychometry Location Lecture.

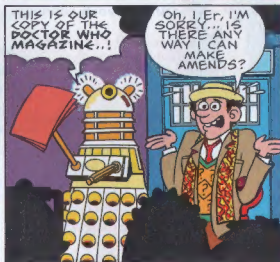
Sand.

Evening: Trap Cleaning Practical Exam.

Peter, who was sent on this course while we were at Dr. Bobb's, left after day two, so can't tell us what happened on day three. He came home, he said, because he had learnt enough.



DON'T MISS THIS MONTHLY FROM MARVEL!



GH^{OST} WRITING!



Well hello there, grapple-fans. This week's collection included some real brain-teasers. Where do you get all these questions from? Anyway, keep them rolling in, I like a challenge.

Dear Peter...

Please could you answer my questions:

1. Which street do you live in?
2. How many Proton Packs have you got?
3. How many teeth has Slimer got?
4. Does Slimer sleep in a bed, or not?

— Gareth Williams, Cimla

1. *Ghostbusters*, is based on 77th and 5th in New York. 2. How many Proton Packs have we got? Well, as many as we need, of course! 3. I couldn't tell you how many teeth Slimer has got for sure, because I'm not willing to put my head in his disgusting mouth to find out. 4. Yes, Slimer does sleep in his own bed, out of necessity!

Does Janine ever go shopping?
— James Dunkerton, Cardiff

Being a career girl, Janine doesn't have much time for such frivolities, although she must go sometimes to spend the enormous wages we pay her!

How do you join The Real Ghostbusters? I have everything — the Proton Pack, the PKE Meter and the outfit. How did you join The Real Ghostbusters?
— Michael Foo, Crystal Palace

I hate to disappoint you, Michael, but it is a closely guarded secret. This must be a terrible blow for you, I know. Furthermore, I didn't 'join' the team as such, because it was originally my idea to create the Ghostbusting service which we all know and love today.

Why does Slimer eat so much?
— Afraz Ahmal-Zadah, London

Firstly, because he's a greedy gunk-ball and secondly, because he finds it an extremely interesting hobby.

1. Why does everything you do seem to go wrong?
2. How did you find Slimer?

— David Buzzygan, Surrey

1. Please, not everything I do goes wrong, surely? I bust my fair share of ghosts don't I? Hang on, I'm beginning to sound defensive here, this isn't my style at all! 2. We didn't find Slimer as such, he found us at the site of our very first bust at the Sedgewick Hotel.

In the story *The Three Ring Freak Show Circus*, did the candy-floss really taste like wallpaper paste and treacle?
— Thomas Hill, Manchester

Well, if I had ever tasted wall-paper and treacle, this is almost certainly what it would have tasted like. Look, I said 'if', okay?

1. Do Ray and Winston have girlfriends?
 2. Do you ever meet restless spirits that need help rather than busting?
- Matthew Moss, Wigan.

1. That's a personal question. They don't even tell me about such things! 2. There have been occasions when ghosts have been helped by us rather than busted. For instance, The Worst Ghost in the World was given some scary lessons by Winston, and is still roaming around to this day, as far as we know.

Does Slimer have parents?
— Carolyn MacLellan, Cumbernauld

Slimer, unbelievably, must have had parents before he became the slimy gunk-ball he is today. In a previous life, he was actually King Remils, so his parents were probably blue-blooded rather than green-blooded.

How do you stay so cool when you're busting?
— Paul Buckley, Andover

Well, Paul, some things just come naturally, you know?

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

THE MAD HATTER

This ghost proved to be twice as difficult as any other ordinary Class four phantom to bust, mainly because it came in two parts – namely head and body. The head was found causing chaos in the hat section of Macey's department store. This unfortunate separation came about when the mortal hatter was servant to a past king. The two argued over the scandalous price of a hat and, in a fit of temper, the hatter ran off with the royal jewels, resulting in the removal of his head at the hands of the king's soldiers. Happily, the Ghostbusters re-united the two errant parts, and the ghost was able to go to his final rest.





Story JOHN FREEMAN ☉ Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and BAMBOS ☉ Colouring HEL

It was late afternoon when Mr. Arthur Cratchley arrived at Ghostbusters' HQ. He looked a little puzzled, and very unsure about being there. Janine sat him down and poured him a cup of fresh coffee, while Arthur sat looking at her desk, as if he expected it to move, suddenly.

"I'm trying to find my furniture", the middle aged, balding man explained, not really explaining at all. Patient as ever, with a man who dressed as though he had a lot of money, Janine picked up her Paranormal Report Pad and waited for more details. Arthur explained that he had returned home to his apartment on Madison Avenue (Janine noted 'Rich' on the Report pad), and found that all his furniture had gone. Everything. "Sounds like a job for the police", suggested Janine, her pen hovering over the 'Possible Nut' section of the report.

"Well it would be, except for the slime", Arthur replied, producing a plastic bag of the most disgusting ectoplasmic material Janine had ever seen. "Which was why the police department suggested coming to see you. It was all over the place. In the bedroom, in the bathroom, even in the fridge!"

"The fridge?" Janine reached for the radio phone. "I'd better get someone on this case right away!"

Within an hour, Egon was standing in the middle of Arthur Cratchley's apartment, Proton Pack on his back, overalls pressed and cleaned, a PKE Meter bleeping away quietly. Peter sat on the stairs leading to the bedroom with a Ghost Detector, taking more samples from the air. "I think we're dealing with a major paranormal intrusion here", said Egon thoughtfully. "Fortunately, Janine's fears that this might be another incursion by Gozer seem to be totally unjustified."

"Oh, so we're just dealing with a lot of slimy ghosts," Peter replied, switching off the sampler. "Great. My favourite."

"You know Peter, I have the feeling that you have never forgiven Slimer for that first meeting."

"Me? Of course I have. The very idea that I would rather see Slimer inside the

Ecto-containment Unit hardly ever crosses my mind."

"Peter!"

"Well, not since Tuesday, anyway. What have we got?"

"At least twelve free roaming poltergeists, I'd say."

"So, what did they do with all the furniture?"

"Well at a guess, I'd say they moved it."

"Funny. Where?"

At that moment, Winston and Ray burst into the apartment. "Guys, we got another one - West 52nd", Ray blurted, "Complete furniture removal - disappeared while the householder went out for a chocolate and fudge sandwich."

"Right, some action", said Peter. "Any clues?"

"Janine says a yellow removal truck floated down Eighth Avenue just minutes after the disappearance, heading in the direction of HQ."

"Let's get after it!" As one, the Ghostbusters headed for the door. This was a little silly because if you've ever tried to get through a door at the same time as three of your friends, all wearing unlicensed nuclear generators on your backs, you know how crammed a doorway can get. Despite this, the Ghostbusters got to ECTO-1 in record time, and with Egon at the wheel, headed out to intercept the ghostly furniture truck.

"There it is!", shouted Ray from the back seat, pointing wildly at a yellow blur that sped past them. "That's a Yellow Cab, Ray there's a lot of them in New York."

"Oh sorry, wrong story. What about that van then?" It was the van they were after all right. It was floating down the street with two ghosts, giggling with delight, at the wheel. The side of the van read 'Poltergeists Inc. Removals anytime, anyplace, anywhere.' "That's the one," snarled Peter, "Let's get 'em!"

One of the ghosts, a wicked look on its red face, leaned out of one of the windows and grinned, its yellowing teeth glinting in ECTO-1's headlights. "On second thoughts," said Peter, "Pull back a little Egon, I think they're going to try

something."

The something proved to be a barrage of ecto-slime, as the doors of the furniture van opened and several more ghosts started hurling slime balls at ECTO-1, jumping up and down on an interesting selection of furniture. In the early evening traffic, it proved impossible to dodge the hail of ghostly missiles, and ECTO-1 was soon covered with ecto-slime. It wheezed and groaned, and then the engine died as the paranormal mess got into the mechanism. Ray gave a howl of rage. "Not again!" he shouted. Winston gave him a reassuring pat on the back as the ghostly furniture van sped off into the night, the ghosts waving cheekily from the back. "They're heading east. We'll never catch up with them now."

"You don't have to", cut in Janine on the radio. "I've got a lead. Meet me at *Hinkworth's Removals* on Rivington as soon as you can. The sooner, the better, Okay Egon?"

"Um, just as soon as this paranormal incursion has dissipated", Egon replied.

"What?"

"As soon as the slime dissolves", replied Peter. "Boy, are we going to be popular, stuck in the middle of Eighth Avenue in the rush hour!"

After several explanations to at least four traffic cops, who all added it to their 'Ghostbusters Complaints File', ECTO-1 finally started up and the car headed for Rivington Street. Janine was waiting outside *Hinkworths*. Lights were still on inside the building, and a garage containing several removal trucks was still open. "Twenty-four-hour removal service", Janine explained.

"They've had a busy night", Winston muttered.

"This firm's real enough", said Janine. "Both apartments that have been raided were due for removals by this company (anyway.) Mr. Cratchley mentioned it first, and I checked with the other complaint. There must be a connection".

"You should have been a detective", said Peter.

"Somebody has to have the brains around here", Janine replied.

"Let's see what we can find".

The Ghostbusters walked in, finding a large reception area with at least a dozen typists at work. They all looked up from their work except one as the team walked in. "That's the one", said Janine, pointing. "Get it!"

The 'secretary' who'd ignored the Ghostbusters' arrival gave a shriek and turned from a pretty brunette into a nasty-looking vaporous apparition. In an instant. "Get it, Ray", shouted Peter. Ray frowned, but fired his Proton Gun, catching the ghost. The other typists shrieked with alarm as papers flew round the room in a hurricane of ectoplasmic force. "Before you go", said Winston to the ghost. "Where are your friends with the furniture van?"

"Sub-basement", squealed the ghost. Peter, nodded to Ray as he pushed a Ghost Trap under the vapour. It shrieked once more as the Trap activated, then was sucked into it.

"Ray, Winston, Egon - get the other ghosts downstairs while I calm these young ladies", said Peter. "Janine, how did you spot the ghost?"

"Well, it had to be one of the receptionists taking orders for removals", Janine replied. "That part wasn't hard. When the ghost didn't look up from her work when we walked in - well that gave her away instantly!"

As the sound of concentrated Proton fire and the shrieks of disconcerted paranormal forces floated up the stairs from the basement, Janine picked up the pile of order forms, internal memos and account books on the busted ghost's desk. "Anyone who was finding this sort of office work interesting just *had* to be a phoney!", she grinned, producing her note book. "Now there's another bust for you to take care of on the *Staten Island Ferry*..."





DEAD TRUE!

In the year 1890, Count Louis Hamon, a famed occultist and psychic, found himself to be the somewhat reluctant owner of an ancient and grisly Egyptian relic. The object was in fact, a mummified hand, which had once been attached to the arm of an Egyptian Princess. This particular Princess was the daughter of King Akhnaton of Egypt who was the heretical father-in-law of Tutankhamen, no less. The unfortunate separation of hand from limb occurred one night in 1375 BC, after father and daughter had argued over religious matters. The King's revenge for her disobedience was horribly ghoulish. He had the girl murdered by his priests who cut off her right hand and buried it in the Valley of the Kings. The result of this amputation was that the body of the Princess would be barred from paradise because it was not intact at burial. Thus her spirit

would be unable to rest unless the hand was reunited with the body.

Count Hamon was unable to find a home for the relic, so he locked it in an empty safe in his London home. In October 1922, the safe was opened and ... AAARRRRGGGHH! Oh no! Tell me it isn't true ... the hand, which was once a shrivelled and mummified relic, had begun to transform into a fleshy hand! Shocked to the very core by this horrific revelation, Hamon and his wife decided to destroy the five-fingered beast in a manner fit for a Princess. The hand was thus placed in the fireplace on the night of October 31st, 1922. It was the night of Hallowe'en.

As the flames engulfed the dismembered flesh, Hamon read a passage from the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Upon finishing, a thunderous tumult stormed the house and the terrified couple were confronted with the figure of a woman. According to Hamon's account, she wore the

royal apparel of Ancient Egypt, with the serpent of the House of Pharaohs glittering on her tall headdress. The woman's right arm ended in a raw stump! The stately figure then bent over the fire and disappeared into the flames.

The shock of this experience was so great, that when Hamon's good friend, Carnarvon discovered Tutankhamen's tomb four days later, Hamon wrote to him warning him of the strength of Egyptian curses. "I know now the ancient Egyptians had knowledge and power of which today we have no comprehension. In the name of God, I beg you to take care."

Carnarvon ignored the warning and one by one, he and the other members of his expedition, met their untimely deaths in what became known as the Curse of the Pharaohs.

EVERY
MONTH!

ALF

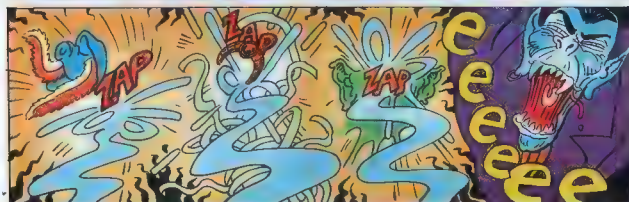
ONLY
40p

THE **FANTASTIC BAR**
HAS ARRIVED!

DOES
ANYONE KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO OUR
TABLECLOTH?

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ON SALE IN NEWSAGENTS NOW!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



ZAPhappy!

IN THE BASEMENT OF GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q....

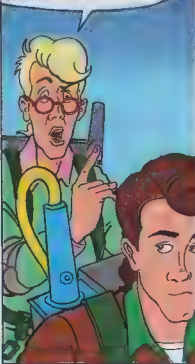
TOP MARKS, WINSTON. RAY, WHAT'S OCCURRING, PETER? YOU DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO DISCORPORATE YOUR SPECTRE!



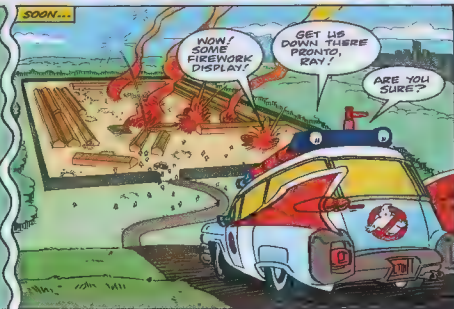
BACK OFF, MAN. I DON'T NEED TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM CARDBOARD CORPSES. I'M A REAL GHOSTBUSTER.



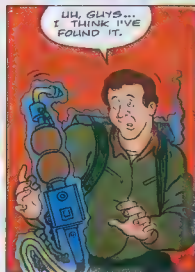
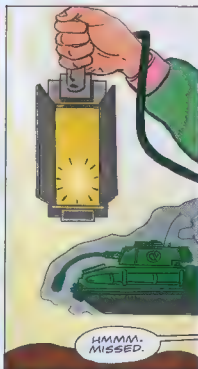
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE IMPORTANCE OF PRACTICE, PETER. ESPECIALLY TARGET PRACTICE. WE MUST BE PREPARED TO FACE ANYTHING THE SPIRIT WORLD THROWS AT US.



Story ILYA ☯ Art ILYA ☯ Lettering ANNIE H. ☯ Colouring STUART PLACE









BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



MASKERAMA



COOOEE! WHAT
LIVERLY MUGS!
I MUST HAVE A
CLOSER LOOKEE!

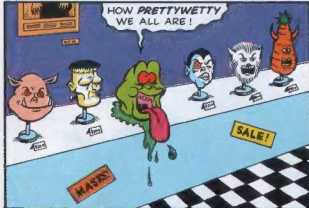


INSIDE THE MASK SHOP.



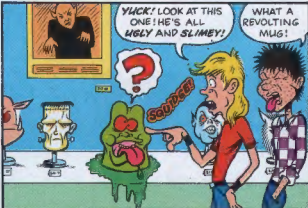
WOWZERONEE! SLIMER
FEEL RIGHT AT HOME
WHERE HIS HEART IS!

HOW PRETTYWETTY
WE ALL ARE!

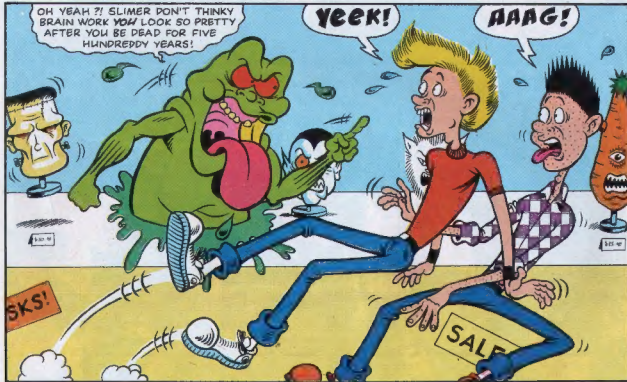


YUCK! LOOK AT THIS
ONE! HE'S ALL
UGLY AND SLIMEY!

WHAT A
REVOLTING
MUG!



OH YEAH?! SLIMER DON'T THINKY
BRAIN WORK YOA! LOOK SO PRETTY
AFTER YOU BE DEAD FOR FIVE
HUNDREDDY YEARS!



Story BAMBOS ☯ Art and Lettering BAMBOS ☯ Colouring BEA

IT'LL MAKE YOU SCREAM!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 207** The action steps up this week, with the opposing forces of Ratbat and Scorponok pitched into an all-consuming war by the devious Starscream. Who will win? How does the Underbase fit into the picture? Find out in part 2 of **Cold War**, by Budiansky, Delbo and Bulanadi.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 9** The cataclysmic conclusion to the N.U.R.S.E. saga! As Dragon and Slaughterhouse battle for the amusement of N.U.R.S.E.'s maniacal Matron, the Claws must form a decidedly uneasy alliance... with the Evil Dead! **Treatment** is by Furman and Senior.

☐ **THE MARVEL BUMPER COMIC 12** 32 pages packed with all your favourite characters – The Real Ghostbusters, Alf, Thundercats, Scooby Doo, Combat Colin and Doctor Who! Plus two new adventures – **Hallbut Square**, (based loosely on a famous soap opera), and **The Magnetic Sisters**, (two girls with power over metal). Don't miss it!

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 38** The 'busters get a taste of the Army life in **Zap Happy**, by Ilya, when they are called in to deal with a pesky poltergeist who possesses a tank! This week's text story, **Poltergeist Inc.**, carries on the theme, with a very strange removals firm who move everything – even the house! Story by John Freeman.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **ACTION FORCE 10** Not one, not two, not three, but **FOUR** great stories! Thrill to **Blood Brothers** by Rimmer and Johnson, **BATS Out Of Hell** by Rimmer, Marshall and Harwood, **War Correspondent** by Rimmer (again?), Wildman and Baskerville, and **Run to Ground**, by Furman, Hopgood and Harwood.

ON SALE NOW!

